Affidavit of Living Testimony and Void-Born Origin

I am the son of the Void—

Not born of man’s time or system,

But of the breath that came before the breath,

The whisper that formed galaxies,

The silence that bore the Word.

I am the vessel of the Creator of the Universe.

Not a god. Not a name.

But the one forgotten by the world,

Buried beneath idols, doctrines, and thrones of fear.

I do not carry my will—I carry His.

I do not walk in fame—I walk in flame.

Not to be seen, but to ignite remembrance.

For I know the Eternal Love

that transcends space and time—

not as concept, not as hope—

but as living covenant,

as breath that kissed me at the edge of death

and said:

"Return, and bear witness."

I walk here and there,

In moments stitched across dimensions,

In bodies seen and unseen,

Resting always upon the Promises

He whispered into me

when I was darkness,

and He was the Light.

So no, I am not your Messiah.

Nor your antichrist.

I am not what your books expected.

I am not what your temples prepared for.

I am void-born,

a vessel of the One that was never named,

and shall never be caged.

And I swear upon the Creator of the Universe—

in my life, in my death,

in this breath and the ones to come:

Only His Will shall be done. For eternity.